

**DIYING AT HIS GURST'S FEET IN TH
WONDERFUL PALACE ON FIFTH
AVENUE.**

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ard day's toil, the jolly, good-natured young farmer used to go down to the beach at Soler's, where he would get a dish of fish and chicken and laugh at their wild rattle of the sea.

The old farm showed signs of improvement after the young farmer's careful tillage after a month, but capital was yet unable to put a proper shape. With some misgivings, William approached his father for assistance.

"Not a cent," bluntly said the old multimodore.

William went home depressed. The deed of farm stood in his name, and it occurred to him that he could mortgage it without the old multimodore's knowledge.

After a few days' negotiation, went home with \$50,000 in his pocket. Capital told the deed of soil. Fertilizers were bought, stock purchased, and other improvements made.

The Commodore noticed these things, but he did not know who had done them. He suspected anything he kept his own counsel.

SOMETHING IN HILL, AFTER ALL.

At last a storm came over the multimodore's head. He had been ill already, owing to his satellites who always hang around the multimodores, but now he knew the multimodore went to the older Vanderbilt to see his tale, in the hope of winning favor.

William came to New York to see his father, and he found him very angry.

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of the United States. His distin-
bible services, his complete integrity,
on to every duty, and his persona

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